

The Sweetwater Forerunner.

BY H. L. FRY

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TERMS:

THE FORERUNNER IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
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Communications, to secure insertion, must be accompanied by the name of the authors.

The Forerunner.

Sweetwater, Thursday, Nov. 5, 1868

Butler didn't take Big Bethel, he didn't take Petersburg, he didn't take Fort Fisher, but he did take a stump lately. He made no desperate charge to take it, but he made a good many desperate and infernally false charges after he had taken it.

Isaac Ballard, who murdered and robbed his father at Ironton, two weeks ago, was arrested at Crackers Neck, Ky. He confessed to the crime of robbery, but disclaimed any attention of attacking or injuring his father. He had \$565 remaining of the share allotted to him.

The committee on canons reported on amended canon making it unlawful to hold a public sale of pews in any consecrated church or chapel. This, in the form of a resolution condemning such sales, was, after some debate, adopted.

The President in eloquent words reviewed the acts of the convention, thanked the delegates for their kind consideration, and bade them farewell.

Kernersville, North Carolina, with scarcely a hundred inhabitants, has sent North this fall nearly \$100,000 worth of dried fruit. One house recently sent off 36,000 pounds of peach stones, which cost fifty cents per bushel; and one lady in the same place has collected nearly one bushel of apple seeds, for which she is to receive twenty-five dollars. The two last mentioned articles are bought on commission for nursery men in the North.

Messrs. Wintersheim & Co., who have just taken the contract for printing the Monteur having ordered five of Marini's new printing presses, which will be used for this purpose. These presses are used in France for papers of the largest circulation. Every afternoon 281,000 copies of Le Petit Journal are printed by these machines.

An interesting action is on trial in Bangor, Me. The defendant was the indorser of a promissory note, and offered evidence on two former trials to prove that his name was put upon the note simply to make it negotiable. This evidence was however rejected as inadmissible. The full court has reversed the decision of the single Judge, and the evidence will be allowed at the present trial.

A case of considerable interest which was continued from the last term of the Circuit Court was concluded yesterday before Judge Roudsaur. The plaintiff was Henrietta Meyer, and she sought to recover damages for the loss of her husband, who, while in the employ of the Pacific Railroad, was killed by being run over by an engine, near the Fourteenth street depot. The jury found for the plaintiff, assessing the damages at \$5,000. [St. Louis Republican.]

The ex-King of Portugal is considered the happiest man in Europe. He voluntarily laid down the crown, and has never for a moment regretted it. He is of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, a kinsman of Leopold, and very like him, except in ambition. He married the Queen of Portugal, and on the majority of his son, he surrendered the throne to him. He is very much devoted to the fine arts, and has a spacious palace filled with the rarest productions of the chisel and the brush. There he lives at his ease, or rambles about the streets of Lisbon smoking and chatting with every one he meets. He is a great favorite with everybody. He is only 52 years of age, and has been spoken of as a suitable person for the throne of Spain. It would be a pity to mar so much felicity.

A man is on trial in Cincinnati for forging street car tickets.

Short Paragraphs.

No man is ritch who wants enny more than what he haz got

Anna Dickinson says that she cannot hear an Indian baby. No. She goes for the nigger.

Butler's eye is like the hammer of a musket; it will stand cocked till the dog wears out!

A gentleman in St. Louis, who has just commenced a divorce case, alleges that his wife is in the habit of blacking his eye with the sugar-bowl. Sweets to the sweet.

"Do you consider lager beer intoxicating?"

"Vell, ash for dat, I gant say. I trink feefy or seexty classes in a day, and it tosh not hurt me, put I dont know how it would po if a man vash to make a hog of himself."

An African gentleman saw over a grocery door the sign, "Sugar cured hams." He entered the place and asked the price. He solicited and obtained permission to smell a shank. Having done this, he abruptly turned to leave. "Don't you want any of that ham?" said the grocer. "Well, no, boss" was the reply; "der sign reads 'sugar cured hams,' dat ar ham's sick yet; my advice to you is to change de medicine."

Wife: "Charles dear, that we are married we must have no secrets; so help me off with these 'calves.'" (Husband groans, and wishes that he had found it out a little sooner.)

A legal gentleman says the most troublesome clients he ever had, were a young lady who wanted to get married, a married lady who wanted a divorce, and an old maid who did not know what she wanted.

A Mormon elder was presented with nine boys and five girls on the same morning. He would have made a good colonist in the early stages of our provisional existence.

Here is a good anecdote to wind up with, which belongs to what may be called orphan literature—that is, literature that has lost its parents by wandering in the country press:

A young parson of the Universalist faith many years since, when the Simon pure Universalism was preached, started westward to attend a convention of his brethren in the faith. He took the precaution to carry a vial of cayenne in his pocket to sprinkle his food with as a preventive of fever and ague. The convention met; and at dinner a tall Hoosier observed the parson as he seasoned his meat, and addressed him thusly:

"Stranger, I'll thank you for a leetle of that ere red salt, for I'm kind o'cur'ous to try it."

"Certainly, returned the parson; but you will find it very powerful; be careful how you use it."

The Hoosier took the proffered vial, and feeling himself proof against any quantity of raw whiskey, thought that he could stand the "red salt" with impunity, and accordingly sprinkled a junk of beef rather bountifully with it, and forthwith introduced it into his capacious mouth.

It soon began to take hold. He shut his eyes, and his features began to writhe, denoting a very inharmonious condition physically. Finally he could stand it no longer. He opened his mouth and screamed "Fire!"

"Take a drink of cold water from the jug," said the parson.

"Will that put it out?" asked the martyr, suiting the action to the word. In a short time the unfortunate man began to recover, and turning to the parson, his eyes yet swimming in water, exclaimed: "Stranger, you call yourself a 'Versalist, I believe?"

"I do," mildly answered the parson. "Wal, I want to know if you think it consistent with your belief to go about with hell fire in your pockets?"

"I say, mister, did you see a dog come by here that looked as is he two years of age, or a year and a half, or two years old?" said a Yankee to a countryman at the roadside.

"Yes," said the countryman, thinking himself quizzed. "He passed about an hour, or an hour and a half, or two hours ago, and is now a mile, or a mile and a half, or two miles ahead; and he had a tail about an inch, or an inch and a half, or two inches long."

"That'll do," said the Yankee; "you're into me a foot, or a foot and a half, or two feet."

Murder Will Out.

From the Boston Traveller.]

Our citizens may remember the murder of a man named Maurice Foley, which occurred near the junction of South and Essex streets, about four years ago, and also the fact that his murder was never discovered. The murdered man, Foley, had on his person about \$140 in money, which was the cause of his death. A young Irishman, who had been ill for some time and was in needy circumstances, had an entertainment given for his benefit in Warren Hall, in South street. There was a large attendance, and when the meeting broke up the proceeds to the amount above mentioned were given to Foley. He departed with the rest at about two o'clock in the morning, and when near Essex street he was shot and fell insensible. Officer McDonald, of the Fourth station, heard the report of the pistol, and saw the flash, and immediately started for the vicinity, and as he approached the spot he was informed by a woman that the murderer had fled down a certain street. He followed, but the man made good his escape. On his return to Essex street the officer picked up Foley and conveyed him to Hammond's apothecary store, where he died in a few minutes. The deceased was buried but all search for his murderer was unavailing. Through all those months and years the detectives have been upon his track, however, and a few days since it was ascertained that he was in Philadelphia. Detective Jones and officer McDonald visited that city recently with a requisition, and arrived home with the alleged murderer, William J. Fulton, this morning. The accused was arranged in the Municipal Court this forenoon, charged with the willful murder of Maurice Foley with a pistol, and fully committed to await the action of the grand jury. At the time of the murder, which was at 2 A. M., on the 1st of October, 1864, Fulton was a Lieutenant in a company which was quartered in the Beach-street barracks, and did not belong in Boston. He left the city on the day of the murder, and there is said to be a heavy weight of testimony against him.

How to Flirt.

No doubt our young lady friends will be grateful for the following valuable instructions in the use of the handkerchief, which some ingenious person has put in for the benefit of this sex:

HANDKERCHIEF SIGNALS.

Drawing across the lips—Desirous of an acquaintance.

Drawing across the eyes—I am sorry.

Taking it by the center—You are too willing.

Dropping—We will be friends.

Twirling in both hands—Indifference.

Drawing across the cheek—I love you.

Drawing through the hands—I hate you.

Letting it rest on the right cheek—Yes.

Letting it rest on the left cheek—No.

Twirling it in the left hand—I wish to be rid of you.

Twirling in right hand—I love another.

Folding it—I wish to speak to you.

Over the shoulder—Follow me.

Opposite corners in both hands—Wait for me.

Drawing across the forehead—We are watched.

Placing on right ear—You have changed.

Placing on left ear—I have a message for you.

Letting it remain on the eyes—you are cruel.

Winding round forefinger—I am engaged.

Winding around third finger—I am married.

Patting it in the pocket—No more at present.

Uprising of a Dead Man.

They tell the following story of Sinclair the late Democratic candidate for Governor of New Hampshire:

When a lad, with three other boys, he, was watching a corpse, as was the custom. The dead person was bent forward by deformity, and in laying out the mortal remains they had attempted to make them look more becoming by straightening them and tying the shoulders down to a board.

The young men were whileing the hours away by a game of cards, when, suddenly the cord broke and up came the head of the dead man.

They all rushed for the door but Sinclair who without moving from his chair, remarked:

"Come back, boys; he only wants a game. Deal him a hand!"

A Scaffold Scene.

A terrible scaffold scene recently took place at Tambow, in Russia. Young Gorski, a pupil of the high school of that place, and eighteen years of age, was to be executed for having murdered a family of seven persons. The young criminal was conveyed to the place of execution on a wagon which was escorted by a company of dragoons. The gallows was surrounded by a crowd of ten thousand persons. After the doomed lad alighted from the wagon, the sentence of death was read to him. He was deadly pale and fainted before the warrant was through. The executioner then branded him, after he had been restored to consciousness; the boy struggled violently and uttered heart rendering screams when the red hot iron was applied to his forehead. He was then whipped, receiving about thirty lashes. The executioner thereupon undressed him and wrapped him in a long white blanket, tied his feet together, attached the rope to his neck and drew the blanket over his head. He then lifted him on top of a step-ladder and was about to push him from it when the Secretary of the Criminal Court stepped forward and told the executioner to stop. The excitement of the crowd had reached the highest pitch by this time, and it seemed as if all the ten thousand persons around the gallows were holding their breath. The executioner lifted the lad from the step-ladder, removed the blanket from his face, which was livid and distorted with fear, and then the Secretary read to him a letter from the Emperor changing his sentence to hard labor for life. The executioner then untied his feet, gave him thirty more lashes—the sentence having ordered that he should receive sixty lashes—and then clad him in the convicts dress and chained his legs. He was there-upon taken back to his cell, and two days afterward sent to Siberia.

Josh Billings on the Frog.

Josh Billings replies to a correspondent in this wise:

Benvolio. In wrighting for you an analysis of the frog, I must confess that I have copied the whole thing verbatim ad liberating, from the works of a celebrated French writer of the 16th century.

The frog is the first place a tadpole, and body and tail without coming to a head.

He travels in pond holes, by the side of the turnpike, and is accelerated by the activity of his tale, which wiggles with uncommon limberness and vivacity. By and by, before long, pretty soon, in a few days, his tale is no more and legs begin to emerge from the south end of the animal, and from the north end at the same time, may be seen a disposition to head out.

In this cautious way the frog is built, and then for the first time in his life he begins to get his head above water.

His success is now certain, and soon, in about five days more he may be seen sitting down on himself by the side of the pond hole, and looking at the dinner baskets of the children on their way to the district school.

As the children cum more nearer with a club or a chunk of brick in his hand, to swart him with, he rears up on his hind legs and enters the water head fast, without opening the door.

Thus the frog does business for a spell uv a time, till he gets to be 21, and his life is more ramified.

Frogs hav 2 natures, ground and water, and is as free from sin as an oyster.

I never new a frog to hurt anybody who paid his honest dues.

I don't recollect now whether a frog has any before legs or not, and if he don't it ain't nobody's business but the frog's. Their hind legs are used for refreshments, but the rest won't pay for eatin'.

A frog is the only person who can live in a well and not get tired.

The bull frog is the boss of the puddle, and has a log to sit on, over on the other side of the puddle, and talks to the rest of the frogs, way down in his throat so that you can't understand more than half he sez; he is generally a cross, lazy old devil, all over wartz.

This is all there is worth knowin' now about the frog, except that they ketoh flies in fly time, and winter by freezin' up solid.

P. S.—I have endeavored to translate my author closs, but it is tuff to render all his buties into our tung, without bustin' the sense.

A. T. Stewart proposes erecting an immense block in New York, divided into family apartments, to be offered as houses rent free, for the families of ruined merchants. It will cost a million of dollars.

Some half dozen girls in a convent in Cincinnati climbed the walls and ran off the other night. One broke her ankle in making a long jump, and was caught.

Tom Benton.

The Grand Concoct of old Bullion

"Swede," the Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, says in his last letter:

The other day I published somewhere, perhaps in the Commercial, some novel anecdotes of Tom Benton, the principal projector of the Pacific railway, whose statue stands in St. Louis to day looking westward along the line, aquiline and grim as in life, with his cloak folded around him. From the same source I have obtained other personal reminiscences, one or two of which I send you as pertinent to the theme of this letter.

Shillington is an Irish book-seller here, of credit and renown. Benton was a neighbor and friend of his, and made Shillington out of books and newspapers every conceivable article upon the Pacific railway and bring it to him. He also employed Shillington to select from the "Congressional Globes, which were brought to his house in C street by the cart load, the matter he wished in publishing his "Abridgement of the Debates of Congress."

It was a strange and remarkable study, said Shillington, to see that old man lying there flat on his back, unable to rise, his spectacles poised on the tip of his nose, looking through the long debates, whose huge folios he held on his breast. He knew that he had but a week or two to live, and he was running a race with death to get the book finished; for he believed that it was the vital thing to keep the country together. He used to send me word four or five times a day to come up there and the people said that I was a slave. If I did not come promptly on time, the old gentleman seemed to feel that I was in some way derelict in my duty to the country. One day, when the shop was full of people, word came down Mr. Benton wants you to come at two o'clock to help him on an important matter. As soon as I could possibly leave, I went around to his dwelling and found him asleep, breathing very hard, with a large volume of the Globe on his breast. I lifted the book off and set it on a table a little out of reach. Then seeing that he did not yet awaken, I hastened back to my work. In about two hours I returned, and the old man looked very severely at me.

"I sent for you, sir, two hours ago. I have but a month at most to live, sir; and it is important for the country that this book shall be finished before I die. You did not come, sir."

"Yes! Mr. Benton, I did. And I found you asleep."

"I have not slept for fifty hours, sir! It was impossible that I could sleep, sir, with so much on my mind!"

Benton never trusted a man that told him a lie, so I found it necessary to clear myself.

"Mr. Benton, said I, you were asleep, with a volume of the Globe on your breast when I entered the room, and I found you breathing hard so I put the book on the table yonder."

The old man's eyes lighted up.

"Well now, sir, he said, I knew I had that book on my breast, or on the bed somewhere, and I wondered how it got off there so far. Perhaps I did doze unconsciously. But come, sir, we must get to work. I have but a little time to do a great deal of work in."

"Dr. Hall and his colleague, to prolong the life of Benton, opened the old man's abdomen and taking out his bowels, while he was still conscious, proceeded to cleanse them. At one place they found some grape-skins; then they found bits of wood, which he used to chew abstractedly while writing or reading.

"Look on, gentlemen said the old man, feebly, I dare say you will find Congressional Globe next."

When Benton was about to die, so vital did he think his advice was to the country, he sent for Buchanan, had the door closed, and solemnly devoted his last hours to impressing upon the President his opinion of the mode in which the country should be administered. If ever there was a man, concluded Shillington, who thought in his mind and reason lay the true destiny of the Union, it was Tom Benton. His family, his fame, his future, were all subordinate to the love of country.

Freemasonry in the East.

Robert Morris, Esq., delivered a lecture last evening, at the Cooper Institute, on the subject of freemasonry in Syria and Palestine. He said that he had been sent to the East by the Masons of this country, for four objects; 1st. To examine into the Freemasonry of the eastern nations; 2d. To obtain information of the orders kindred to the Masons, such as the Knights of St John; 3d. To visit the places renowned in the traditions of Masonry—Tyre, Jerusalem, and others; 4th. To make collections of specimens, relics, etc. His remarks on these topics were very interesting, not only to Masons, but to the general public. At Smyrna he found eight Masonic Lodges, which included among their members the foreign Consuls and most of the nations not Roman Catholic, and nearly all the Turkish dignitaries. At Ephesus he attended a Masonic picnic. At Beyrout he found the only lodge in Palestine. Among its members is the Pasha of all the territory from Asia Minor to Egypt. Mr. Morris found the Pasha a very gentlemanly, intelligent, and friendly man, willing to give him the fullest aid in the prosecution of his enterprise. At Damascus he found sixteen Masons, among them the renowned Abdel Kadir, formerly Sultan of the Arab race of North Africa, where he carried on a most destructive war with the French for three years. Mr. Morris was most kindly received by this fiery old warrior, who gave him the symbolic kisses on the right and left cheeks. Throughout Syria and Palestine there is an intense prejudice among the lower classes against Free Masonry; but the high officers of the Turkish government, and the few educated and intelligent men which are to be found there, are well disposed toward the Order. Nowhere in the world, Mr. Morris says, is there such an attachment to Free Masonry as among the Mohammedans. In the famous city of Tyre, the seat of King Hiram, he could not find, after three days search, a single Mason, in Gebal, the ancient seat of all learning, not a single person who could read. Ancient traces of the Order were numerous. On the Keystone of an arch under Solomon's Temple, the Masonic compass is found deeply cut in the stone. Mr. Morris traced the analogy between the customs of the East, and those of the modern Masons. Charity was the distinguished characteristic of the Eastern Masons.—He had left this country deeply prejudiced against Mohammedans and had returned feeling that in many respects they could teach us Christians something. He spoke very highly of the American missionaries on the Syrian coast.—New York Tribune.

A Murder.

From the Cincinnati Commercial. Oct. 29th.]

Coroner Emmert concluded his inquest on the body of Henry Porter yesterday morning. From the testimony elicited, it appears that the deceased, a colored man twenty-nine years old, was second steward on the steamer Churner, a boat playing between this city and Evansville, Indiana. At noon, a week ago to-day, for some reason unknown, Porter discharged a young man by the name of Henry Morgan, who was employed on the steamer as berth-maker. High words arose between them, and as Morgan left the boat he remarked that he would "get even with Porter." About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, as the boat was on the point of starting on her downward trip, Morgan was seen by several of the deck-hands, loitering about the gangway. He disappeared from their sight for a few minutes, but was soon observed running from the boat to the shore. One of the cabin boys met him, and inquired whether he had had his supper. He replied that he had not but would soon be back to get it. He continued to run up the levee, and was lost in the crowd. He has not been seen since that time. Shortly after he had left the boat, Prier was found in the kitchen weltering in his own blood, and insensible, from a horrible wound in the head. He was taken to his home, where he died, from the effects of the wound, last Saturday morning. A few hours before his death, and while he was perfectly conscious of what he was saying, he stated to Dr Quener and to others who were near him, that the wound from which he was suffering was inflicted by Morgan's striking him on the head with a potato-masher.

A post mortem examination showed that his death was caused by a fracture of the skull, produced by a blunt instrument, wielded with considerable force.

The verdict of the jury was that of the deceased came to his death from a blow on the head, struck by Henry Morgan.